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Neglected Arabia





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Missionary  
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# Arabia



DR. BENNETT AS TRAVELING PHYSICIAN IN OMAN.

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# The Arabian Mission.

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# NEGLECTED ARABIA.

January - March, 1911.

## The Dying Fire and the Living Fire.

From "The Moslem World," Vol. I, No. 1.

"You have to leave the old fire and come to the new!"

There was a ring in the speaker's voice as she ended her story with these words, and her eyes were shining.

It was one day last winter, and we were sitting together, the girl and I, in a well-furnished Arab room in an inland town only lately opened for native work—a girl who had been prayed for during some months as the first awakening Moslem soul within its precincts. Her husband was well to do, and she was a handsome, gay-spirited thing, queen-regnant just now in the household of women. My fellow-worker's visits were allowed her for the sake of diversion, for she sometimes found life insufferably dull. Poor child, she was but eighteen.

Our last visit, two days before, had been a seemingly fruitless one, for she was in trouble over a bracelet entrusted to her, which had been stolen, and this made her too *distracte* to listen. Now all was changed, for God had been at work. He had worked by a dream, such as often comes among His first touches on these imaginative people of the East.

"I will tell you all about it," she began. "It was the night after you were here. I dreamt that I saw two kanouns\*; in the one was a

\* An earthen fire-pot in which charcoal is burnt.

very little fire, nearly going out, in the other was a bright, strong fire that kept increasing. Someone was standing by, and he said: 'Do you know what these two fires mean?' I answered him, 'I know not.' He went on: 'The little fire that is nearly out is the religion of the Arabs; they pray and they give alms, and witness, and fast, and they say, "Inshallah† we shall go to heaven"; it is a very little fire.

† "If God will," a vague expression of desire and hope.

But the bright fire is what your friend has told you about our Lord Jesus—there is no "inshallah" in this. You have to leave the old fire and come to the new.'"

"God has spoken now," I said. "It was He Who sent that dream to your heart."

"Yes," she answered, "I believed before; I had never heard these things till she came, but I believed them. I believed—now I *know*. I awoke with a great joy; I am your sister and the sister of the others in the world. Do they have dreams, too?"

Far and deep goes the truth that had been shadowed forth. Not alone in that North African town, but throughout the Moslem countries, Islam is a dying fire, smothered in the ashes of its former days. Even where it is making progress it is no true enthusiasm that sends it on: the motive forces in its march across Africa are mainly pride of power, religious and secular, and greed of gain.

Here and there, among the lands under its dominion, we see pathetic attempts to rekindle the embers. The Sufis and the Babis have shown in time past the ache of the human heart even in Islam, for the mystic fire-touch, and now anew a movement is beginning. Pan-Islam and Young Turkey, with the same fresh energy, though in differing ways, are making their protest against the gathering chill. But whether their attempt is to rake over the whitening cinders in hope of some spark that can be re-lit, or to induce a fresh blaze with the fuel of modern civilization, the result must be the same as in the attempted reforms of the past, a flicker and a darkness again. Islam has burnt itself out.

The Church's hour for advance has struck. Like a vestal of old, she is guardian of the holy fire—the fire that, according to God's promise, "shall ever be burning upon the altar." He has given it, strong and bright as in the dream-vision; the result on earth is what we make it, for the fire is God's, and the fuel is ours. The power to wake the flame to its glory lies in our hands—not vaguely in the hands of the Church, but in yours and mine. If we will but bring each our share in this hour of crisis, and heap it high into a beacon radiance, who can tell whether Islam, in growing discontent with the fading ashes, may not turn aside to see, and the first great band of its unsatisfied souls be drawn even now to the glow?

Once drawn there, once thawed and kindled *en masse*, and swayed by the impetus of their strong sense of brotherhood (which as yet has never found play among the units brought in), who can tell what these people may become for Christ's cause? Is it not worth the risk of sacrifice on our part to set in motion a new factor in the kingdom of God; and to risk it *now*, in this hour of opportunity?

"Fuel of fire"—the fuel for which God's fire is waiting, means something very practical. It means an unstinted offering of funds to follow up the boundless openings of the present moment, and of



lives to supply the undermanned and unmanned posts. It means more than this; it means a prayer-intensity that does not count hours, days, nights even, when God calls for them, if only we may win through and see the first check in Islam's efforts at self-resuscitation—the first stretching forth of its hands to Christ.

How far we are from anything like the above, let our own consciences tell us, one by one, in silence.

Let us face it out till we go down before God with shame for our apathy and for its consequences, with brokenness of spirit over all that our carelessness has lost for Him in the Moslem world.

And then let us bring these cold hearts of ours to the only place where they can be fired—to the true altar of burnt-offering—the burning heart of Christ our Lord. As surely as we bring them in contact with that heart of His, and abandon them there, so will He lay hold of us, and of all that is ours, till our coldness warms and kindles and glows, and gives itself away in a passion of love and pity, like the fuel that is grasped by the flame and merged into oneness with it. Then and then alone can we fling out our faith, that the voice which spoke to the Arab girl in her dream may sound far and wide among Moslem souls with the same word of divine authority. "You have to leave the old fire and come to the new."

MISS I. LILIAS TROTTER.



## The Social Side of the Annual Meeting.



MRS. E. E.  
CALVERLEY.

Perhaps in America an Annual Meeting would not mean so much to us socially, but in Arabia it is the great event of the year. With what pleasure we plan for it and look forward to it during the months of everyday work and study! When the great day of the arrival of the missionaries dawns, how often we climb the stairs to the roof, to strain our eyes for the first glimpse of the weekly steamers on the horizon. And when a steamer has been sighted, what excitement ensues!

This year our pleasure was especially great in welcoming not only those whose faces we had not seen for a year, but also those who have been so greatly missed during furlough at home, and those new members of the mission in whom we see with joy the answer to our prayers.



MISSION HOUSE, BAHRIN.

They have come! In the mission houses ring the voices of thirty men, women and children. On the verandas groups are chatting and laughing. Even the language students, with the stern fact of approaching examinations, cannot resist the spirit of gaiety and joy as they mingle with friends, new and old.

It is not always the extraordinary occasions which give the great-

est pleasure. The daily meals together are a feast of fellowship. The tea each day after the strenuous afternoon business session; the walks in groups out into the desert in the soft radiance of the sunset hour; the relaxation in gathering around the piano after evening devotions are over; these are among the most delightful features of our Annual Meeting.



A GROUP OF THE MISSION BABIES.

The largest social event of our two weeks' stay together was a dinner at which we all sat at one long table: a truly festal affair. After dinner there were toasts and, best of all, a speech by Dr. Zwemer telling us about his first entrance into Bahrein, eighteen years ago.



A RIDE INTO THE DESERT.

Annual Meeting in Bahrein would not be complete without a donkey ride. It was a large party that rode out across the desert one sunny afternoon. There is something irresistibly attractive about the jingle of the bells around the donkeys' necks and the excited chatter of the little donkey boys. Better than this was the fragrance and greenness of the date gardens past which we rode, and the coolness of the limpid pools of water.

Time flies during Annual Meeting, and farewells are inevitable. As we feel the parting hand-grasps of our fellow missionaries and realize that in future years the increasing size of our mission may make such a convention impracticable, we are thankful once more not only for the spiritual uplift, but also for the social intercourse afforded by our Annual Meeting.

ELEANOR E. CALVERLEY.

### The Place of a Thousand Sorrows.



MRS. H. R. L.  
WORRALL.

If you could be transferred to this dispensary on a hot August day and sit there with the perspiration streaming down, and hear the tales of woe, of want, of sickness and suffering you might well call it

#### THE PLACE OF A THOUSAND SORROWS.

The long neglected chronic illnesses and the sudden severe ones, the intolerable headaches, the ears blocked with wax for years causing deafness for the time as surely as disease; those terrible diseases only spoken of under the breath with us but openly acknowledged among them and often the cause of divorce from the ones who have given the disease. The great amount of blindness and impairment of sight, the malaria that so weakens and debilitates that life is only a burden especially when the spleen fills up almost half the abdomen. Some cases come from so far and wish to go back at once thinking that once taking medicine will cure them. Cases of cancer which have often gone too far for operation. Skin diseases of all varieties. Children with terrible dog bites and many others in whose ears insects have long since burrowed and died. Many cases of consumption with none of the comforts of a modern sanatorium, and when it seems so difficult to instruct how to live altogether in the open, when they are not allowed to see the face of man. But as each day dawns we cannot help but think, another day of privilege, of opportunity to relieve poor sick ones of the intolerable burden of suffering, and



point them to Christ. But another day of responsibility and of sorrow for the few who are beyond human help. What joy to relieve one who has been in agony for days because of the ignorance and inability on the part of those attending her. What joy to save the lives of little children almost at death's door; what happiness to help those who although not ill in bed are yet so miserable and run down in health that life is a real burden. How good to see them become a new creature as time goes on. What a privilege to heal those who have long been going to native doctors and who count it almost magic as surgical cleanliness, day by day, speedily cures that over which they had almost grown discouraged. What a privilege to be enabled to help one's own sex in those diseases which cause so much suffering and undermine the health. Especially so because if Mohammedan women have not good health in this respect it means divorce and poverty added to her misery. Sad to say her troubles are often brought on by the application of native medicines. Altogether how good it is to be used of God to help poor sick ones, but what a greater privilege it is to teach them the way of salvation. Oh that we might be able to open the eyes of their understanding that they might see the Christ the Son of the Father. We pray that our lives may be such that their vision may not be blurred by us. May God make us fully consecrated, take all selfishness out of our lives, take away all low aims that all may see and know, that truly we work only for Him who has saved us and not for the praise of men, nor for any personal gain. So may we be as shining lights pointing the way to souls lost in darkness and sin. And not only to Mohammedans would we seek to be helpful but to those who work with us in this service. The temptation to them is strong to use their opportunities of service for personal gain, either in money or other gifts. They need our constant prayers that they be not cursed as was Elisha's servant nor as Achan. But we cannot help but feel that it must help to keep them true if our lives are free from any such taint. In working among the people one is often struck by their superstitions. Often a mother carries a knife with her when bringing a sick child to ward off the evil spirits. The names given to children, too, show much superstitious fear, such as "Death" to prevent the child dying, "Anger" to try to make the evil spirit believe they are not pleased at the birth of the child, "Tired" to indicate that they have had enough children when, in reality, the larger the family the happier they are. One is often surprised when a child is brought and you ask how long it has been ill and they say for months. After they have tried burning the child on different parts of its body, having the Koran read over it and various remedies they finally hear of the Mission Dispensary. But oh, some-



times they wait too long, as did a mother not long ago. Her beautiful baby died just as she entered the door before we could even see it.

Then the case of a Jewish woman a few days ago saddens us beyond words. She had the dreaded septic fever after the birth of her child. The Turkish doctor was called in and as no man doctor is allowed to give the necessary treatment to women here by the time we were called in she was beyond hope. Although we were able to do a great deal to relieve her yet the time had passed for local measures to be of much use. Her whole system was poisoned and death had set its seal on her brow. If we had been in India we might have been able to obtain from laboratories there the serum which might have saved her life. Such remedies will not keep in the great heat here and are very expensive. So many such cases if seen early have been saved and it seems so sad to think of this bright young life going out without the knowledge of the coming of the Messiah, when it need not have been, as far as we can see.

And oh! what sadness when a case comes as did a few days ago. A bright pretty young girl of twelve years old had run a thorn into the sole of her foot ten days before. They had removed it and it did not trouble her, but last night she had begun to have peculiar spasms of her limbs and back, so that she threw herself backward in great agony whenever these came on. She was so frightened of us when she came that she screamed, and screamed, whenever one came near her, especially when we tried to take her temperature. She feared that the thermometer was a knife. But gradually, by explaining it to her and treating her kindly, we won her confidence so that she allowed us to cleanse and disinfect the wound in her foot. If we were in America or even in India we could get anti-tetanus serum and probably cure this poor child. But as it is in all probability she will not recover. (Later on we heard that she had recovered and hope that it is true.) Another sad part of our work is when so often women come imploring our aid to get them out of trouble. Patiently, gently, and lovingly, we try to explain to them that we could not sin against God, as to do this great wrong, and we encourage them to bear their trouble, and sorrow, and not seek to further grieve God, but to repent and ask His help, that He may show them a way out of their difficulties. Their great cry is "they will kill me if they know." Though it seems hard to say it, yet we tell them even so, it is better to die than to commit further sin and die eternally. One thing which makes our work especially difficult is the great ignorance of the mothers in regard to the care of children. Often mothers come bringing babies desperately ill and say that they have had eight or ten children and only this is alive! Often God has blessed our efforts and answered our prayers

and given back to these mothers their children, but we wish that we might give them the knowledge that would enable them to care for and rear their little ones. They have no idea of any special diet for a child. It is nursed till it is two years old or longer, but in the meanwhile as soon as it shows any inclination for other food it is allowed everything. Even green pomegranates, watermelons, muskmelons, baked melon seeds and raw carrots. The wonder is not that so many die but that so many live.

So much for their ailing bodies. How about their poor sick souls, so dark with lives so full of jealousy, envy and strife! Of the peace of God they know not nor understand what it is. How can we explain it to them? How can we raise the curtain and let the light shine in? We cannot, but the Holy Spirit can, and that is His work. Ours to sow the seed, just as much of it, and as constantly as we can, and in the best way we can, not stopping to select the best places for sowing, but everywhere and all the time, for we know not whither shall prosper this, or that. Make us faithful, oh Lord, in Thy work, and let not their physical ills, sad as they are, make us forget their greater soul sickness.

EMMA H. WORRALL.

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### On the Way Out.



REV. G. D.  
VAN PEURSEM.

We looked forward with great longing and anticipation to September 10th, the day we were to sail for Arabia. Our party consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Zwemer, with their children Amy and Mary; Rev. and Mrs. Barny, with Fred and Esther; Miss Kellien, Miss Spaeth, and myself.

I am sure that I express the sentiment of the entire group when I say that the presence of the many friends at the boat made the parting much harder, although a great deal more pleasant. Each member of the party had his own particular friends who came to wish him Godspeed, but there were some who were the friends of all. We were especially glad to get a last word from our Secretary, Dr. Chamberlain, and from Dr. Amerman and Mr. Olcott. Personally I wish to thank the people who came from Passaic and Somerville for the occasion.

Through the kind efforts of Mr. Olcott we were able to get our staterooms amidships, and this being the fall of the year when but few passengers go East, we had room enough and to spare. Our accommodations throughout the trip were quite satisfactory.

We certainly found that the Lord is Master also of the waves. The prayers of our friends for a quiet sea were answered, and with the exception of a few days, we had good weather during the entire voyage. It seemed impossible that the ocean could be so calm, almost without a ripple, for so long a time. In consequence of the pleasant weather and the smooth seas, the health of all the party was good.

It is very interesting to note the different types of people one meets on a sea voyage. On our boat, the *Koenig Albert*, from New York to Naples, there were among the steerage passengers many poor Italians who had failed to get rich in America and were returning to their native land. We were very fortunate in having with us, besides several people who were going East to study art and music, a party of missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church, and a number of



THE "KOENIG ALBERT."

professors on their way to the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut. It can readily be seen that parties of such like sympathies would prove congenial. We had our games together, our concerts and our devotions. We who were Dutch gladly joined with the United Presbyterians in singing Psalms. We gathered daily in the writing-room for prayer and praise. Among those of the party were Dr. and Mrs. Stewart, veteran missionaries in India; Dr. and Mrs. Carhart, on their way to Beirut, Syria, and Professor and Mrs. Goodspeed, of Chicago University, coming to the Orient for study in the Semitics. In all our party consisted of about forty people. The monotony of an ocean trip is lost when one travels with a happy company of missionaries.

Our first landing place was Gibraltar, where our boat lay at anchor for a few hours, and where we had our first opportunity to send letters home, for the first time after leaving America. Here, we who

were new to this part of the world, looked with amazement at the prodigious rocks, the narrow streets and the native shops. The associations that are brought to mind by the Rock on the one hand and the Coast of Africa on the other fill one with awe, especially when one sees it for the first time.

Our voyage was indeed a pleasant one—not merely because of the favorable weather, but because it was broken by landing at different places,—Naples, Alexandria, Cairo, and Bombay. Before I tell of our experience at these places, let me mention something that took place in the Mediterranean which has direct bearing on the Arabian Mission. This was a direct result of an informal talk which Dr. Zwemer was invited to give on Arabia and Missions among Moslems. In the course of his address he named the strategic points of attack against Islam, in Arabia. As one of these he mentioned Jiddah, through which nearly all pilgrims to Mecca must pass who come from Africa and Arabia, suggesting the possibility of building some kind of lodging house or hotel to accommodate these pilgrims, and in that way reach them with Christianity. This idea seemed so attractive to some that the next morning one person pledged \$100, for the erection of such a building. This resulted in the drawing up of a plan by a committee, and every one on board was asked to contribute towards the new movement. Before we arrived at Naples nearly \$300 had been pledged. We felt that our voyage so far had been blessed, not only in seeing new plans proposed, but actually seeing them carried out. Undoubtedly something definite will be done as a result of this new interest. Either the Arabian Mission will carry it further alone, or will seek the co-operation of the Missions in Western Arabia. It is certainly worth considering that at Jiddah we might come in contact with 50,000 pilgrims yearly on their way to Mecca.

Our voyage from Naples to Alexandria took four days on a German steamer, the Schleswig. The passengers on this boat were a heterogeneous crowd, of different languages, color, and religions. Some one remarked that no less than twenty languages were spoken on board.

We new missionaries were very fortunate in going with the party to Egypt, where Dr. Zwemer was to speak at a Conference of the United Presbyterian Mission in Cairo. In Alexandria we were entertained at Fairhaven, a summer home for missionaries, where Miss Van Sommer had kindly made provision for our party. I shall never forget our visit to Egypt. It seems to me that it pays for one just coming out as a missionary to take this extra trip, as it is full of interest and valuable experience. In both Alexandria we saw what excellent work the United Presbyterian Church is doing along educa-



tional lines. In Alexandria they had just completed a girls' school to accommodate several hundred pupils. In their school they offer a good course in commercial law for the boys and domestic science for the girls. In Cairo we were entertained by the American missionaries, whose hospitality will not soon be forgotten.

In five days one can get only a glimpse of the real Cairo and of what takes place in that Moslem metropolis. On the one hand, we rejoiced with the members of the American Mission in the completion of their new girls' college, while on the other, we were saddened by the many mosques and minarets all through the city. We found it truly a Moslem country; on the day we left Egypt the Museum and the stores were closed because of the famous feast after Ramadhan, the Moslem fast month. When one climbs the citadel in Cairo to get a birds-eye view of the city with its seething population, he cannot but be impressed by the Moslem predominance.

Our time for departure came all too soon, and on October 4th we left Cairo for Port Said. Our voyage through the Suez Canal and the Red Sea was more uncomfortable than it would have been later in the season. The heat was intense, and the boat was crowded because of the many English people who were going to India. But we managed to be fairly comfortable by not allowing the sun to strike us by day, and sleeping on deck at night.

At Aden we changed for the last boat, a P. & O. for Bombay. We were anxious to see the Arabs in Aden, but our boat anchored after midnight, and we left before daybreak for India.

On October 14th our party arrived in Bombay after a delightful voyage on the Indian Ocean. Our stay in that interesting city was not long, and after visiting some important places and transacting necessary business, three of us left for Arabia, while Dr. Zwemer and Mr. Barny with their families remained in Bombay for another week.

The boat up the Persian Gulf was all too slow, as our anxiety grew the nearer we approached Arabia. However, the time was not entirely lost as we saw something of Arab life even on the boat. We arrived in Muscat on October 24th, and were delighted to see Dr. Cantine who came to meet us. Thus ended our journey to Arabia, and our hearts are full of gratitude to Him who kept us all safely and brought us to the land of our adoption.

G. D. VAN PEURSEM.





## The Hinterland of Muscat.



REV. S. M.  
ZWEMER, D.D.

Except for a glimpse of Aden harbor at midnight and the lights on shore, we did not see anything of Arabia on our way from New York until, sailing from Bombay on the Steamship Kola, we sighted Muscat on October 24th. The familiar approach to this picturesque harbor, lined by the dark, frowning hills, forcibly reminded us of the old missionary hymn:

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,  
Cheered by no celestial ray,  
Sun of Righteousness arising,  
Bring, Oh, bring the glorious day."

If Muscat were the only place of importance in Oman and typical of its general condition, this part of Arabia would indeed offer few attractions to offset its proverbially trying heat and its mixed population of Hindu, Baluchi, African, and nondescript Arab. But the present capital is not the whole country, and its few thousands of inhabitants are only a small fraction of the estimated population of a province with at least a million souls. Muscat, like each of our other stations, was wisely and we believe providentially chosen as a strategic center to occupy the interior. Together with Mattra, where medical work was so auspiciously opened by Dr. Thoms before his return to America, it commands every route into the great interior. By the wise efforts, and patient persistence, as well as tactful intercourse with the Arabs, the roads have been opened literally to a thousand villages along the Batinah, westward to Jebel Akhdar and southward to Ibrah. The importance of Muscat grows with our increasing knowledge of the interior of Oman. When we remember that a coast line of over five hundred miles, dotted with villages, is accessible from Muscat as a base and that wadies as natural highways to the number of at least a dozen lead from this coast up into the hinterland, it is easy to prophecy the time when Oman by itself will be a mission field of large proportions and promise.

It was my privilege during the week's visit which our party on its way to Bahrein made with Dr. and Mrs. Cantine to accompany Dr. Bennett on a short journey inland, and once more study this part of Arabia. We had hoped to go as far as Someil, one of the most important inland cities, but the time was short and



place has often been visited by Dr. Cantine, and the people were most friendly. It is named from a hot water spring which gushes from the rocks at a temperature nearly boiling, and is then led along channels to irrigate a large district. The oasis stands out in vivid green like an island surrounded by a sea of rocks and sand. The water seems to be charged with sulphur and Dr. Bennett thinks it may have traces of lithium. The people naturally value this gift of Allah, and it was most interesting on the morning after our arrival to attend an auction sale of this irrigation spring. The Arabs all sat around the mejlis while a burly negro, the servant of the sheik of the place, sold the use of the irrigation canal for so many rupees per hour for the ensuing month. Each bargained for his garden or plot, and was then allowed to turn the water at a certain hour in the day or night into his own field. Throughout the whole of Arabia nothing impresses one more than the value of water. "It is a dry and thirsty land where no water is," and when wells and springs are dug or discovered their value is inestimable.

At Hamamah I met one of the learned men of the Abadhi Sect, to which nearly all the Omanese Arabs belong, and was interested to learn the peculiar tenets of this part of the Moslem World. The Abadhi are an offshoot of the Khawariji and are allied in many ways to the Shiahs, but also differ from them in many important particulars. They are as a class very accessible and not intolerant like other sects, although they observe many superstitious practices.

Dr. Bennett had an interesting clinic and we were able to preach to the crowd and even got them all to stand in reverent attitude when we prayed.

The following morning we dismissed the camel men and proceeded on donkeys to Boshier. On the way I took a snapshot of Dr. Bennett, as you see him in the picture (cover). We also secured a very good likeness of Ibrahim Muskof who, with his brother Saeed, has covered a large part of the Oman field in faithful colporteur effort. Saeed died some years ago, and his mantle seems to have fallen on Ibrahim. I have never traveled with a native helper who has shown more tact, wisdom and fearlessness in work for Moslems. The two Arabs standing by him are men from Hamamah who led us out on our departure.

After spending part of the night at Boshier, the guests of an Omanese princess (at least she was related to the royal family at Muscat and exercised hospitality with great dignity and self-



IBRAHIM MUSKOF, WITH TWO NATIVES OF HAMAMAH.

assertion), we returned to Mattra in time for the morning clinic where a crowd of patients were already awaiting the doctor.

It was very interesting to note the wonderful development of the work in the Oman field on medical lines since the arrival of Dr. Thoms; and Muscat station is to be congratulated that during his furlough Dr. Paul W. Harrison has been assigned to do work at Mattra and to tour inland. At none of our stations have the Arab chiefs from the interior become so closely related to the work of the mission on the coast as at Muscat. Since the days of Peter J. Zwemer, Dr. Cantine and the others who have been in charge of the station have extended Arab hospitality to all visiting chiefs, and with a guest house specially arranged for their reception, the mission is enabled to return the favor of hospitality which they receive so liberally on all their journeys in the interior and along the coast.

If any one doubts the importance of the Oman field and desires a glimpse of the great unoccupied regions beyond the furthest tours of the missionaries, let him read the two papers which recently appeared in the **Geographical Journal** (August and October numbers, 1910). They are by Lieut.-Colonel S. B. Miles, and although the journeys described were made some years ago,



the papers give important addition to our knowledge of this little known part of Arabia, including the borders of the great mysterious desert. The climate of this hill country should certainly prove an attraction when we remember that in Jebel Akhdar there are peaks 4,000 and 5,000 feet high. Colonel Miles describes the climate of Nezwa as very salubrious, with fresh exhilarating breezes by day and chilly cold nights in the cold season, always dry and healthy." The elevation of Nezwa is 1,450 feet. The illustrations given in his article of the castle and sheik's house at Rostak, the former capital of Oman, certainly show that this part of Arabia is not a desert. In regard to one of these cities in the hill country he writes: "The city is unwallled, and the space it covers is a medley of walled quarters, intermingled with groves of graceful palms, fruit orchards, odorous gardens and running streams, which, backed and sheltered by the grand mountains above them, present a remarkable picture of wild, natural scenery combined with luxuriant fertility and every evidence of human prosperity."

With the recent additions to our forces, the time is not distant when the hill country of Oman will be permanently occupied and the missionaries may find retreat and refreshment from the scorching heat of Muscat at Nezwa, Someil, or in the Jebel Akhdar.

S. M. ZWEMER.





N. B.—The Arabian Mission depends for its support and the extension of its work, not on the treasury of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church in America, though under its care and administration, but upon contributions specifically made for this purpose. The churches, societies and individuals subscribing are not confined to the Reformed Church. Members of other denominations are among its supporters and its missionaries. Regular gifts and special donations are invited from all who are interested in Mission work in Arabia. Regular contributors will receive quarterly letters and annual reports, without application. All contributions, or applications for literature or information, should be sent to "THE ARABIAN MISSION," 25 East 22d Street, New York.



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